

A knot of Fooles.

BUT,

Fooles, or Knaves, or both, I care not,
Here they are; *Come laugh and spare not.*



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To the Reader.

KInd Reader (cause I'de finde thee so,
I so enstile thee) I haue here
(I will not call't a Puppit-show:
Though those and these come something near,
Compar'd with judgement) Such a sight
As for thy Cost returnes Delight.

You know the Title, then laugh on:
Yet so this mirth should be receiv'd,
As 'twas by him that long agoe,
At folly laught, and yet was griev'd.
For when he laught at lust or pride,
'Twas not to cherish, but deride.

Democritus.

So laugh and spare not: for the sport
Will last till times extreamest date,
Ith' City, Country, and at Court,
Which way so ere you turn, you ha't.
The best I'de please, which if I can, I care not,
So, as my Title saies, Come laugh & spare not

Tho. Brewer,

A Knot of Fools.

The Crew meet and salute : For their Characters, take them as you find them in *their owne phantastical prating.*

I C Ave you.

2 God save you.

3 Save you.

4 Sirs, in one,

Among you all a thousand : to we ha done
Our salutations quickly. Face to face,
So many friends brought by a minutes space,
So unexpectedly ! " Now by my blood ;
" A thing that has no tainture from the mud
" Of vulgar baseness, but is pure and clear
" As any, Coated ever since the year
" Of blusheless innocence. That thus we meet,
Presents a joy as welcome, and as sweeter,
As can by man be tasted.

5 Stay, Sir, stay :

Can you goe backward such an endless way,
To fetch the grace, the lustre, the bright fire
Of honour to your Title, and not tire?

I were fit you pause a little, make a stand ;
So much good blood, and yet so little land.
I hope we know you

4 Then thou know'st my name,
Enrout'd with *great* ones.

5 Why, the *greater* shame,
As you abus't. And you remember well,
I bought the Land that you were forc't to sell,
To buy your Chafe of *Pleasure*. When such Apes
As you are, court her in a thousand shapes,

A knot of Fools.

Here's the just issue. Give your betters way.

4 The Dunghil *Scarab* with the *Eagle* play ?
Cause thou hast wealth that has been got with sweat,
First, by mechanick labour ; since deceit,
Upon necessities (that fruitfull use,
That's still begetting) shall I brook th'abuse
Of thy comparisons ?

6 Hold, hold, I pray.
Clubs, clubs, and Prentices, to part the fray.
If you be men, put up. We all have heard
The difference 'tween you ; and a due regard
Would thus conclude: Thus heal this dangerous sore,
He's *rich* a Begger, and thou *Gentle* poor :
Houze then your swords. I see, your hearts and mine
Have aimes quite contrary : give me the *Vine*,
The noble juyce of that. If you will jarre
About the goodnesse of your blood, the war
Must not be thus maintain'd ; your nobler passes
Must be with pots, deep boulds, with cups and glasses :
Brim-full of that will sparkle in your face,
That's it refines the blood, and makes the *Base*
High-thoughted as the *Noble*. This Ile prove,
This I have tried ; and this pure blood I love.

7 Why, God-a-mercy Lad. But on the lip
Of Beauty, lies the Nectar that I sip.
Where oft to tast, does not decrease the sweet,
But still it grows, and the more oft we meet
The more delight dwels in it : No such charm,
As in the circle of a womans arme.
And to conclude and sum up all in one,
This joyes in action, when all else are done.

8 Peace silly man, they that delight in this,
Are poor effeminate weaklings. Let me kisse
The cheek of *Honour*, have a name shall bear

A knot of Fools.

The double edge of *FAVOUR*, and of *FEAR*,
As I shall please to use it. Like the shine
That we all see by, have the bright, divine,
And golden ray of Greanels. Here's the Theame
By day I plod on; and that makes my dreame
When nights black mantle hides us: here's the end
Shews fire within us, striving still t'ascend.

9 Sir, there be Serpents in the way you tread,
And, though *Ambition* have a lofty head,
It comes short home sometimes, I never care
To spend my coloured plumes; let me ha fair
Old gold to look on, and to line my bags,
Though my meat's course, and my best cloathing rags.

10 But that thou bearest white hairs upon thy head,
That plead for pittie, I should kick thee dead,
Stark dead before me. Like a Cullion goe,
And have a golden *Tagus* hourly flow
Into thy strong-bar'd Coffers: Such are my
More generous thoughts, that to the worlds squint eye
Ile shew an out-side, that for cost and fashion,
(Cut to a snip, into the last translation)
Shall make all eyes attend it: shall command
Such Hindes as thou art, with their cap in hand
To servile duties. Nay (the Gallants curse)
Though to this suit, I have an empty purse,
Ile suit my face in *State*: though much in debt;
So much, this *Sun*, must in a Prison set,
Ile scorn obsequious crouchings: Men shall finde
How ere in state, Ile have a stately mind.

11 Come, come, no more, these are no friendly parts:
Beside, to stand, to run through all these hearts
Would ask too long a time.

12 Nor were it fit,
Take every man the priviledge of wit,

A knot of Fools.

And way, that he best fancies, we are free,
To thrall our selves, were a captivity
Beyond the Gallies-plague. But we are spide,
By one that sits to laugh, jeer, and deride
Those actions cros his liking: Come, let's walk,
Next time we meet, we'll find more time to talk.

Come laugh and spare not.

Democritus. Ha, ha, ha.

O Give me leave to laugh: A world of things,
In this large Theater the World, time brings
Fit subject for it. And though laughter be
But the Fools Index, and so thought of me,
I greatly care not. For the Antique show
I see (so noted) would make laughter flow
As fast from any. Ha, ha, nor beleieve,
(For in the instant that I laugh, I grieve)
'Tis at meer Idiotisme; a motly mark,
Such as't has pleas'd th' Almighty to leave dark,
Only a man in out-side: no, I hit
With my loud laughter, fools that ha more wit,
Then they know what to doe with; such whose eyes
See, but themselves, all fools, they only wise.

Ha, ha, ha.

Better to hang, then to feed.

AND but observe this fellow: by his Coat,
You'd hardly think he could command a groat,
Yet is the Lord of Mountains, has a myne
Possess't, in use just nothing but the shine
Of the rich earth he treasures. Night and noon,
To's golden Sun, and his bright silver Moon,
In Adoration, he doth thus proceed:

Thou

A knot of Fools.

Thou cloath'st the naked, dost the hungry feed ;
Thou mak'st the feeble strong, the foulest fair ,
The shuddring coward (in his heart, a Hare)
In his stern brow a Lion. In thy power
It is, from Cottage, to a Courtly Bower,
To raise course blood and breeding. By thy charmes
They that but crept are holpen with such Armes
As they out-soar the Eagle. Those the Schools
Have labour'd to make wise, thou mak'st meer Fools,
For thine's the wisdom. Ha, ha, here my heart
Akes, with the laughter shakes it. Here's a part
Of that quaint sport I laugh at : this poor Ass,
That bearing dainties, has himself but grass,
Or courser bits to feed on : thus still crost,
With labour gain'd, fear kept, with sorrow lost.

Ha, ha, ha.

Craft in daubing.

Here's a pure fellow (the maine thriving way)
Ith' City, Court, or Country, he can lay
This colour well, may live : yet when all's done,
'Tmust be confest, that he's the Cities Son,
A Citizen, there bred, and there he's free,
As the great Cities Master : who but he,
For a plaine upright dealer : From his lip,
One word prophane or idle shall not slip
For a maine purchase : but an oath, I there
He meets a monster, that he quakes to hear.
And well he does to do't : but this pure vaile
Hides the deceit of an uneven scale :
The eye obfuscates, plainly cheats the sight ;
His weights indeed, come many times too light,
(Too light I mean.) Ha, ha, I cannot tell,
But I have heard, they have one weight to sell,

Another

'A knot of Fools.'

Another weight to buy with : pretty sport.
Deep measures shallow, and their long, too short
Besides false lights, under whose shadows lye,
Those faults unthought of, that would meet the eye
In a more open place. Good Archers chuse
Their shafts according to the marks they use.
So every Trades-man, every sleight a shaft,
To hit his profit : So the Handy-craft
Must have craft too, and all best convey'd
Where this demure, pure seeming's over-laid
For them to pass in, thus : Now in good truth,
Believe me law, in sadness, in good sooth,
Nay, verily 'tis so : with this they speed,
Their verily, a very-lye indeed,
Dost when all fails : but that this handsome cloake
Hides a bad inside, many of these had broke
Long before this time, yet you see their pleasure,
Still to doe all, in number, weight, and measure.

Ha, ha, ha.

A rotten post painted.

WHy here's a Pageant, full of gaudy show,
Tricks & strange things to laugh at, but bestow
Your serious eye on this, and you shall swear,
You ne're saw Folly travell to despair
Through so bewitching pleasure. Do but note
(Beside the rich embroydery of her Coat,
Rare both in stuffe and fashion) how this thing
Shines in her Indian pibbles : what a spring
Of youth and beautie's set upon her face
By her bought hair and colour: what a grace
She has from powder, and sh'ad need I think
For but she's powder'd, her rank flesh would stink.

Ha,

A knot of Fools.

Ha, ha, ha.

Much ado about nothing.

But here's the mirth : Ha, ha, observe this Ass
That's so observant, he'll let nothing passe,
Either in cost, or duty, may instate
Him in her favour, may incorporate
Or make him enter, as a man made free
In the precinct, command, or liberty
Of her most dear affection. It appears
Most dear, by'th trappings this loose Trader wears,
For all which cost, if she but please to smile,
Change wanton kisses, or pure sheets defile,
He's an exceeding gainer : when heav'n knows
His loss goes double : with his money goes
His body, wasted from it's vigorous hold,
And able structure ; and (but young) is old,
In feeble ham and aches. O he takes
From her lip Nectar ; of her eye he makes
A most pellucid star, and in the breath
Of this strange thing (that's but the door of death)
He findes the air he lives by ; when this air
Gives no word fashion, but becomes a snare,
In which he lies intangled : Nor to jest,
His soul is not his own, but in her brest.
Thus while she smiles, but let her change her brow,
And wear displeasure on it, he must bow,
Look pale, and tremble : bid him goe, hee then
Though heavie, flies : please her to call agen,
He's at her elbow : let her but command,
What e're it be, 'tis tendred to her hand,
With many humble duties : let her name
But any man that she shall please to blame
For some distastful word, this man's so stout,
He vows to find the daring villaine out.

B

And

A knot of Fools.

And lay his blood before him ; so to prove
How much he loves her, and to gain the love
That then his life is dearer. Though well known
She that loves many, does (indeed) love none.
But here's his bondage, in this sin shall fall,
He's slave to her, that is a slave to all.

Ha, ha, ha.

Tumble down Dick,

Let him that loves himself, let this man go,
He'll hardly stand me think : Death what a blow
He gave that window. ? Such another Hit,
Will make that vessel (holds more wine than wit)
Leak, I can tell you. Now for shame, bear up :
How this Vertigo, taken from the Cup,
Makes a man stagger : doe you note his face ?
An *Ignis Fatuus* ; that from place to place,
Flies in this Wine die humour : and they say,
Leads many a man out of his thrifty way,
Into by nooks and dangers : 'Tis their lot,
Follow his leading to go all to'th pot.
I need not point you to the wealth he bears,
'Tis most apparant to you where he wears
Stones of great value ; Saphire, Rubie, such
As (e're he came to wear e'm) cost so much
As he'll now hardly number ; not in hast :
Yet 'tis well known he has been us'd to cast
His part of many reckonings : you may see't,
Some hee's now casting as he walks the street :
Is not he cunning ? How he hauks and spits,
And goes crosse legd'd, just as a Taylor sits.
Yet he holds up, he quarrels ; and by's hand,
Protests he'll fight as long as he can stand.
That may be true. As his blind fury flies,

He

A knot of Fools

He swears to kill men, but he swears, and lies
Just in the kennel. Ha, ha; In this Sink
Of base pollution; this sweet Devil drink
Are lost all vertues: man's a Monster made,
The privie-chamber of his heart betraid
By the tongues babling rudeness. Not a part
(The least, of man, that borrows from the heart,
The active power it has; in this has power
Of any true performance: yet a flower,
Divinely sweet to some, who know no wealth,
But when thus poor, ne'r wel but in this health.

Ha, ha, ha.

Birds of a feather.

Here's a fine Merchant: pardon my mistake,
T'instile him so; yet all this man can make
He ventures out you see. Indeed the waves
Swallow his Venture, are all Fools and Knaves?
Huge roaring Billows that with zounes and bloud,
Swell, curl, and foame, till (like th'inflatie floud)
They sink the Hazard, that (in hope) was fair,
For the return of a rich golden share,
Or some such worthy purchase: but the Mome
Puts bravely forth still, still comes barely home.
See, in this shop of shifts, deceit and tricks,
How hard they labour: how that fellow pricks
A Card at pleasure? how that knave that wears
His lining outward (cause the out-side bears
But certain Satin inches) turns his eye,
And cunningly pops in a cogging Dye
Upon that puny Gamester. How he frets
A thousand curses out? Yet still he sets;
Still plaies, still hopes, (as all free Gamesters use)
Throws still to win, and yet still throws to lose.

A knot of Fools.

And see, the Winner having chang'd his place,
Joyn'd with that fellow with the bloody face,
(So scratch'd and beaten for his cheating play)
Is now a loser, and with well-a-day,
Leaves this great School of Milchief. Ever more;
Thus got, thus lost, or spent upon a Whore,
The Road of common Gamesters. Ha, ha, here's
Two (like two Mastiffs) tugging by the ears,
About the last stakes snatching. There agen,
The Tables fly about, and thirty men
At one poor sharking fellow. But of all,
That fellow tears the Cards he plaid withall,
Makes my best sport to laugh at. None atones,
Where painted paper, and the spotted bones
Raile a diffention. All their money drawn;
See now a little how the poor Knaves pawn
The petty things they wear. A pretty crop
Their old Host reaps, and to his Brokers shop
In some Long (durty) Lane : a sad preface
Commits them, hangs e'm; a strange hanging age.

Ha, ha, ha.

All is not gold that glisters.

IF curious change of colours please the eye,
We must not let this Mounſieur *Change* goe by,
Sauce great obſervance. H'as a comely ſhape,
Dimention fair, yet but a very Ape
In's fawning imitation. In thy Glaſs,
(In which at pleaſure various ſhadows paſſe,
As men ſhall pleaſe to make them) now's a ſmile,
Straight angry furrows; ſuch as time ſhall pile
Upon the brow of age. But kiſs thy hand,
Thy ſhadow does it : But correct thy band,
Some purle or ſet amiſs; or curl thy hair,

Stroke

A knot of Fools.

Stroke up thy fore-top, or thy look prepare,
(As some neat Gallants use) for sad or light,
As sleight occasion guides : or let a right
Turnbullian Hackney, or some Spittle wench,
(Was ne're in *France*, yet perfect in the *French*)
But mend (as 'tis of some *Madonas* sed)
Her wither'd white, with a reviving red,
To maintain Custom : or make antick toyes,
Mouthes and strange faces, such as Girls and Boyes
Delight sometimes to play with : *All is there*
Done by thy *Zany* shadow : So 'tis here,
By this Court *Zany* ; this low Coochant mate;
That follows greatness, and thus shadows state :
But with this difference still, that shadow shoves
Spots, stains, and blemishes, and in the close
Directs to mend e'm : when this shadow still
Makes *all* seem fair, though ne're so foul and ill.
This, that red anger that pursues to blood,
Would of his Lord have still be understood,
To be a mark of Greatness, and a spirit
Befitting such as such high state inherit.
If too familiar with such men as serve
His worse affections, and his better starve,
In their bale adverse duties, why he's then
Clement and gentle, and on low rank'd men,
As on the lofty, spreads a glorious ray ;
In which he does (like the bright eye of day)
Shine on the Shrub and Cedar. If he buy
Pleasure at prices that are large and high,
Effusely wasting, then this shadow'll find
This shadow for it : 'Tis a Kingly mind.
Let Women fool him, 'tis a trick of youth ;
Or let the Cup transform him, why insooth
It addes unto his blood, maintains his heat,

A knot of Fools.

Able and active, and to things are great,
Apts him all over. To a drooping heart
'T applies all comfort ; puts all cares apart.
Thus every vice is cover'd, and appears,
As pure as vertue. From this course, he bears
To one more stiffe and haughty; takes the place
Of Counsellor on him, and the angry face
Of his mov'd Lord, thus follows : Shall he live,
Dares to thy greatness a displeasure give ?
If thou be angry, why, revenge, destroy,
'Tis justly fit : If thou desire, enjoy :
If thou suspect, beleeve : if thou pursue
(In thought) taxations, 'tis thine own, thy due,
Then but command and take it; thus, this Fly
Follows the Hony ; thus this Ant, the high
And full ear'd crop in Harvest : Thus, indeed,
This Wolf his prey ; All but to glut and feed
Upon the things they follow. As the Deer,
By the Flute raviht (when it haps to hear,
The pleasing ayr go from it) is betraid :
So by the sound from adulation made,
Is the dear heart of Kings: like Bees, they bring
In the mouth hony, in the tayl a sting :
And I could wish with ardency of heart,
They were from Court translated to the Cart.

Ha, ha, ha.

As fat as a Foole.

Here's a fine Fellow. Fellow, I presume
Beyond all reverence, and his perfume
Will not endure the boldness : all that meet
This man, with courtesies low as to his feet,
And sweetest Sir salute him : for he's smelt
At a large distance, when, nor seen, nor felt.

Rut

A knot of Fools.

But O! the sute, in which he seems to tread
A stately march, as if a troop he led :
Yet but one boy to man him; that me thinks
(Like the Sun) dazels, while each gazer winks
At the refulgent lustre : for that thing
Some call a cloak, he'l like a girdle sling
About his waist, may be about his arm
Wear't like a scarf: for (Sir) to keep him warm
Should he lap't close about him, all his cost
Would then be cover'd, and the wonder lost,
For which in chief he made it. From his sute
To his mustato turn, and see th' accure
And curious cut he wears. This Gallants hair
In curl and pounce wafts him a larger share,
Then's lent some men to live by. You may see
'Tis no mean Means, must the Exchequer be
To such unbounded Freenes : tut ne're look
O'th Gallants back, but in the Mercers book;
There see his state, his wit, and for his Grace,
'Tis all in fashion, in his sute and face.

Ha, ha, ha.

A Foole and his money is soon parted.

NOW such a number (at one instant flow)
Roule in before me, that I hardly know
How, or which first to speak on : two of these
Have travell'd lately into little ease :
(A place so call'd) to which they idely went,
To try a foolish Cause ; where having spent
Treble the worth of that their wisdoms sought,
Th'are now return'd, like Birds that have been caught
Ith' Fowlers engine ; and (to scape the snare)
Have struggled all their Feathers off ; so bare,
Naked, and poorly now, to seek a Nest,
With lagging wing they fly, but find no rest.

A Knot of Fools.

Ha, ha, ha.

Jack of both sides.

THis man's a dweller in the place we nam'd,
Yet full of ease and plenty; and much fam'd
For a just servant to *Astrea*. Yet,
He knows the seat in which he's bound to sit;
And what he has to doe in't. H'as a way,
(A strange Meander) which he calls *Delay*,
Full of by-crooks and turnings. Though he know
The path *Dispatch*, his followers must not goe
That easie even way. He can dispute,
And prove, he'l make a poor slight paper suit
Out-last a sute of *Durance*: which affirms,
He's proud and haughty, and will stand on *Tearms*.

Ha, ha, ha.

Never a Barrel better Herring.

Here's e'n a Bird of the same feather too;
One that puts off, and makes you much adoe
About a thing of nothing. In a Cure,
He'l make his Patient patiently endure
A thousand racks: where (if his goodness pleas'd)
The suffering man might (to his health) be eas'd,
With little labour, little cost: But such
Is now the trick, they'l make their labour much
To make their profit so; raising their gaine
From poor mens losses; make e'm buy their pain.
And sometimes too, when they can get no more,
To learn to cure the rich, they'l kill the poor.

Ha, ha, ha.

New Lords, new Laws.

Here you must bow, be bare, and not a word
But like a whisper, for this man's a Lord;

A knot of Fools.

A Lord beleeve me. He's exceeding fine :
'Tis *Fyne* that does it ; that the Hook and Line
Cast out to catch. It *finely* fills his baggs,
Fines up his wife and issue : while poor raggs
(Having lyen long upon the Landlords rack)
Cover the Tenant : to his needy back
An empty belly too ; and at the last
Spewed out, and into some dark prison cast,
There, till he dye, to live. Men now ne're look
To what their father, or his father took,
But doubly treble that : ne're think of peace,
The bosomes solace : All o' land o' lease,
Purchase and building:house to house they joyn,
(Almost as great a treason as to coyn)
For these be Kings I think. In one mans hand,
(One petty man) you have a petty Land :
In which they rule, with such tyrannick sway,
And make their *Subjects* such strange taxes pay
'Tis foul to think. Good Lord, thy will be done,
Have mercy on us, for these Lords have none.

Ha, ha, ha.

The Picture of Ill-luck.

Here's a leane whoarson, one whose tender sight,
Endures nor vertue, nor the prosperous light
Of any just endeavour : undermines
His thriving neighbour, and to nothing pines
Till he subvert or sink him. His delight
Is good mens sorrow, and their joy his spight.

Ha, ha, ha.

Better lost then found.

THis mans a Coyner, yet he fears not death,
For he ne're stamps in Mettle, but in breath.

C

Swears

A knot of Fools.

Swears from beleewe me, and good faith and troath,
Up to God Dam-me ; and without an oath
Protests in nothing. Be he ne're so bare,
He's brave in this, that he can bravely swear.

Ha, ha, ha.

More Knave than Foole.

MArk this man wel, d'ye see what locks he wears,
A cunning Pen man ; one durst lay his ears,
He'd write the hand, that any man should set
To the least dash or tittle : and did get
Much by the bargain : yet (for all his boast)
In one he say'd, and so his wager's lost.

Ha, ha, ha.

Wit whither wilt thou?

THis fellows father, we begun with first,
But more dares he, than ere his father durst ;
For he'd not wast a penny. This in play
Will set by'th handful, on a match will lay
His half years spending : nay this youth will take
A pretty little painted thing, and make
Right like a Lady : when to all beholders
Her bellye's at her chin ; and at her shoulders
The little waste she wears. He'll man her too,
As if she were not one that us'd to doo
In common places ; but a vertuous thing,
And lawful purchase, In a Tavern sing,
Swear, curse, curvet, throw pots against the wal,
To mak't come double up, and pay for all.
His father would not : thus their gifts were plac'd,
One great i'th gripe, the other great i'th waste.

Ha,

A knot of Fools.

Ha, ha, ha.

Worse and worse.

YET thicker still : Detraction with a breath,
As deadly wounding as the hand of Death
Upon the fame of goodness. —

Plaine dealing is a Jewel.

— There's a Knave,
Though now in tatters, will sometimes be brave,
Taking the show of a substantial man,
And swear for half a Crown ; *for-swear* he can,
And his feard soul ne're feel it. —

First come, first served.

— Who can chule
But laugh at this? Why here's a running Stewes
Hurries them on. This wight was wont to ride,
Not on *four* wheels, but *one* on either side,
And that me thinks shew'd better. —

Be good in your office.

— What a sort
Of great gown'd men make it a pleasing sport
To see the *Lady*, that was wont to feed
Widdows, poor Orphans, and decrepit need,
Baited with Beadles ? yet to some that beggc,
A better man must come with cap and leggc,
Than he that whips her out. —

A Whelp of the same colour.

— Here's one can eate
Nothing can please him, but the poor mans sweat :
Makes Need a burthen like the Camell bear,
And kneel to take it too : beneath it wear
It self to nothing, and for nothing ; while
He with a Harpy Tallon, rakes to pile
One bagge upon another. —

A knot of Fools.

An ill weed grows apace.

Is this case

Allowed ith' *Forum*, that men sell the place
That should be given to merit? when the Tribe
Of under-officers, receive a bribe
'Gainst their reproof, they have this answer taught :
'Tis fit they *sell* what they themselves have *bought* ;
And with this fitness fit us. —

Not too fast for falling.

What a stride

Ambition stalks withall ; and what a pride
He takes in climbing up the steep ascent
Of a great glorious title ? His intent
Directed solely thither, though the way
Be thorough Lives : though stern-ey'd Danger lay
Snarers round about him : in this devillish haste,
(To have a pluck where he's forbid to tast)
He'll still be scaling, till *Joves* angry frown
Dart Lightning forth, and strike this Gyant down,
Beneath the earth he trod on. —

All's mine, the Devils godson.

This is one

That stands for many. He makes many, none,
And fills himself their places : that on which
Many have liv'd (and the more thrifty rich)
Has he monopoliz'd ; and now't must stand
His, only his : be vended through his hand
At what high rate he please : so's golden wit,
Can bring him hundreds in, let hundred sit,
And beg, or starve, he cares not.

Rash all over.

Pray stand clear,

The brow of this man threatens, and strikes fear
In all comes near him. Yet to speak the right

Though

A knot of Fools.

Though he be hasty, not in hast to fight.
His end you see before he's seen begin,
Whips his Stelletto out, and pops it in
Ere any blood suspected. Thus beguil'd
A child may be a man; a man a child,
Yet this a fight in fashion.

Whiffe and away.

Stay, me thinks
I see a great way off (he how it stinks)
A mighty cloud of smoak: heav'n send's good luck,
I ne're saw baby of that bignesse suck:
What ist I marvel? My old sides are sore
With laughing at e'm: while this myst is ore,
He e'ne goe sleep a little, for this fight,
(This train of Fools) has almost brought on night
With their slow pace: But now 'tis gone I care not,
So as at first, at last, *Come laugh and spare not.*



This old Abderite gone to sleep, tyred with this Knot of incurable Fools, let us see one more, one that comes stalking in upon us, his plume open, and all the various colours of power and states-pleasure about him. Yet not as they, incurable. Bu', by a blest accident, recovered of his disease, Pride now in a pious course teaching Humility.

Pride teaching Humility.

WHat more then foolish folly is't to boast,
Or swel with ostentation of those things
The smile of *Fortune* lends us, and are lost
As laid upon the swiftest Eagles wings,
And so born from us? both to poor and Kings
She'l shew her giddy turning, changing ever;
But in unconstancy, she's constant never.

'A knot of Fools.'

Yet these uncertain Favours so much wrought
On proud *Sesostris*, an *Ægyptian* King,
That he forgot he was a man; and thought
A God-like power, with an eternal spring
Of various pleasure, state, and every thing
To which mans love and dearest affections stand,
Were all his own, all at his own command.

For having won the Lawrel to his brow,
That wreath of Conquest, from a field of bloud,
And made Kings captive: To give lustre now
To such heroick fortunes, in the Bud,
(Or but new sprouted blossoms) he thought good,
In all the ornaments of state, attir'd,
To ride through Memphis, to be seen, admir'd.

Not in the Rheda or Carruca us'd,
To bear the *Romane* Senators of old,
But (by his warre, superbioufly infus'd)
He must have his more precious, all of gold:
That most resulgent earth, for which are sold
The souls of many mortals. Meaner stufte,
Though rich, too poor; such is prides lofty puffe.

To this rich matter, burnisht and enchac'd
This proud Commander adds th'unvalued worth
Of Berril, Topaz, Saphyr, Jaspire: plac'd
With such rare Art, they send a lustre forth,
Would make the night seeme day: and in this worth
Sits like proud *Phaeton*, or as (indeed)
His seats great splendor should the Suns exceed.

To this proud Chariot must no Palfrey come;
To this the reins are gold, with golden bits,

And

A knot of Fools.

And Kings must here supply the horses roome,
To draw the Champion on this Chariot sits :
His captive Kings : who when their slow pace knits
His brow with anger, must to smooth't againe,
Tug hard as Horses, nor like Kings, nor men.

Their costly trappings are the costly weeds
They wore, when they their regal titles wore,
The heads attire to these high pamper'd steeds,
(So now by office) are the *Crowns* they bore
When subje& duty humbly did adore
Their quondam glories : such *Sesostrius* pride,
Like Kings attyr'd, like Jades to toying ty'd.

Thus farre's the picture of *Sesostrius* heart :
The change now follows. As the Chariot goes,
Of these four Kings, one still aside would start,
And turning still o'th turning wheel he throws
Most serious glances ; which the Riders blows
Oft times would punish : yet he'd still be slack,
And still to'th Axletree and Wheel turn back.

Sesostrius wondring to what end so oft
He turns, demands : the captive King replies,
Ith' wheel I see the spoke that's now aloft,
Turn'd straight toth' bottom, & that low spoke rise
Toth' place of that stood highest : to this mine eyes
And Meditations fix'd. The Moral's plain,
What's high may fall, what's low may rise again.

Th' insulting Monarch hearing this reply,
And noting well the reprehensive ayme
Of him that spake it, turns a judging eye
Down to the foot of folly, where the same

A knot of Fools.

Pride board so high for, now he sees is shame,
And shames to look on't: Now his plume's deprest,
To humane forme, ha's now a humane brest.

He now can see they (like himself) are men,
And so much being; had their blood been base,
It yet had been more pure, more precious, then
For such low duties: how much more disgrace
Impos'd on greatness, men whose birth and place
Were as his own was? this he now can see,
For this he grieves, from this he sets them free.

Takes to his Chariot Horses, and these Kings,
As men, his fellows, and his dearest friends,
To whom in notes concordant now he sings,
The dulcid part of kindnesse that transcends
A common friendship. Noting Fortune leads
By fits her favours: In our Christian phrase,
Heaven hates the haughty, doth the humble raise.

FINIS.

I. I.

